

Scenes from a weekend:



trollcatz

 trollcatz

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2009-04-26 13:07:00



MOOD: 🌸 it's spring!

MUSIC: A Prairie Home Companion

1) Friday night: arrive home safe, if tired, from Extensive Journeying. Greeted at door by spouse, who is holding something behind her back. Do not get hug, because whatever she's holding behind her back is... *squirming*.

Say, "Honey?"

Spouse says, "Don't be mad."

Spouse then produces a small black and white squirming thing that bears absolutely no resemblance to the First Dog, other than utter cuteness. In fact, it's not even a dog. Nor, despite the fact that it is white with a black face, feet, and ears, is it a Siamese cat. It has long floppy ears and a little spotted nose and it looks distinctly... disapproving.

Say, "You got a... bunny?"

Spouse says, "He's a baby Himalayan and he can be housebroken and he won't get very big and he likes people and--"

Say, "Somebody in the Department was giving them away and you've wanted a bunny since you were twelve?"

Spouse says, "Six."

Say, "What's his name?"

Spouse says, "UmTiger."

"Tiger?"

Spouse nods.

Reflect that Spouse is even cuter than the rabbit. Say, "Okay, but

you have to take him for walks."

Saturday morning: Wake up early to doorbell. Open door to find itinerant monotreme co-worker bearing bagels, cream cheese, lox, capers, mysteriously decent tomatoes, red onions, mangos, *strawberries*.

Say "STRAWBERRIES!"

Notice calculating expression on monotreme's face as you dive upon the strawberries, still in your pajamas. Usher him into the still-half-disassembled kitchen anyway, to show off the working sink. Hand bagels and cream cheese and lox and trimmings to spouse for assembly. Mouth full of strawberries, ask monotreme "So what's the occasion?"

Monotreme, who is currently leaning over the (working!) sink sucking the leftover pulp off a mango seed with his eyes closed in bliss, takes his time finishing. "Well," he says, "I'm meeting Tasha and Keck at Catwalk, and I figured you probably wanted a day home with Spouse, but I figured the least I could do was drop by and say hi and let you know we were going."

Say, "You exist to torment me," simultaneous with Spouse saying, "I know where she keeps the guns."

Monotreme says, "Hey! Is that a bunny? Do bunnies like strawberries?"

Decide that now would be a good time to make coffee.

Saturday afternoon: Picnic in the park, complete with takeout chicken and a personal watermelon. Get a sunburn. *Bliss*.

Come home to your bunny.

Sunday morning: Sleep until noon.

In conclusion: best weekend ever.

TAGS: happy.



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

16 comments



cjtremlett

April 26 2009, 17:11:54 UTC

COLLAPSE

Awww, that's almost unbearably cute! I wish I had a co-worker who would show up at the door with strawberries. Lucky you!

Also: BUNNY!!

(I have no bunny icons. At least this one suits your bunny's name!)



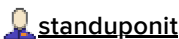
txanne

April 26 2009, 17:22:04 UTC

COLLAPSE

Bunny! Working sink! Hurray!

But what I really want to know is, where did he get the mysteriously decent tomatoes????



standuponit

April 26 2009, 17:25:51 UTC

COLLAPSE

Don't ask. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to climb with only one arm and one leg....

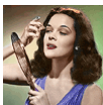


txanne

April 26 2009, 18:28:50 UTC

COLLAPSE

Aw, phooey. That'd make it hard to dance, too, seeing as how I'm not Pegleg Bates.




Ometotchtli

April 26 2009, 17:25:05 UTC

COLLAPSE

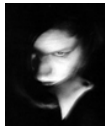
"There's only room in this town for one Wa---ooo! Bunny!"



 [standuponit](#)

[April 27 2009, 12:20:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I met the bunny. But you're still my Best Wabbit.



 [kayjayoh](#)

[April 26 2009, 18:23:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

One of my good friends has a petty bunny: Stewie. He is adorable the way he hops around the house. Just make sure to take care of your cords.

Deleted comment



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 28 2009, 11:31:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

PONIES!

..ahem. (I have wanted a pony since I was six. Do you think T. would notice if I put one in the teeny back garden?)

Deleted comment



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 28 2009, 13:06:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

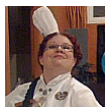
And they wouldn't bark!


 [glinda_w](#)

[April 26 2009, 20:26:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yay for really good weekends. Also, awwwwwww.

"It has long floppy ears and a little spotted nose and it looks distinctly... *disapproving*." - reminded me of [the Disapproving Rabbits blog](#). There's even a book...



 [inaurolillium](#)

[April 26 2009, 20:47:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oooooo!

Any chance of a picture at some point?



 [trollcatz](#)

[April 28 2009, 11:32:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Maybe! (Bunnybunnybunny)


 [eljefe](#)

April 27 2009, 16:28:17 UTC COLLAPSE

Bunny bunny bunny bunny. . . you can never say that word too many times.

BTW, have you ever had strawberry salsa?




 trollcatz

April 28 2009, 11:33:51 UTC COLLAPSE

No, but I find strawberry salsa to be relative to my interests. Ooo. Strawberry salsa....

...my god, he's corrupted me. My first thought was "I could Google for recipes."

bunnybunnybunnybunnybunnybunnybunnybunny

 bodddhi_d

April 28 2009, 04:29:00 UTC COLLAPSE

Ah, bunny wuffles. And semaphore (sema-fur?) ears! Bunnies are the best. I have two: Feffer (as in, Hasenfeffer) and Merle (Merlin). Over the top cuteness--and fur. Bunnies go through 4 shedding cycles a year, each lasting approximately three months; if I didn't already have a backlog of projects, I'd buy a spindles & start spinning my own yarn.

They do more or less litterbox-train; at least, the bunnies I've been around will pick a corner of any given area to make most of their mess (that's where you stick the box). However, you may still find yourself sweeping up a few pellets after any given bunny-run.

The most frustrating thing is the chewing--bookshelves (and, argh, books), furniture legs, blankets, and cords. You really have to watch out for the cords. I went through 4 (FOUR!!) telephone extension cords in a month, before I managed to figure out a way to run the cord so Feffer couldn't get at it. Giving them new toys to chew on (knocked-together shelves out of scrap pine lumber and tree branches are very popular) helped.

But they are so-o-o-o sweet and clever. Mine will come when they are called. Or at least when they are bribed. Feffer likes strawberry tops; Merle prefers carrot tops. But bananas--all I have to do is say "Bunnies! Nanas!" and they are all over me. Shades of Monty Python & the Holy Grail. Oh, and they do make bunny leashes, although mine don't like the sound of the Velcro when I take the harness off.

Bunnies are ver-r-ry social, and are often happier when they have a second bunny to snuggle with. (Go ahead, insert requisite joke about two bunnies quickly becoming two hundred.) Mine are neutered, and they still spend most of their time in physical contact with one another. Just so you know....

congratulations!

Dawn



 trollcatz

April 28 2009, 11:35:16 UTC COLLAPSE

Two bunnies? Two bunnies. Hmm.

Two bunnies...

(Thank you for the tips. Tree branch shelves! I can make those!)

Thank you

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